

Samael Atilano

## *The Happiness of an Object*



Soft skin that hooks to his touch  
 each finger caressing the dead landscape  
 illuminating wherever they go  
 bringing to life wherever it passes.

Slowly, decaying whenever it leaves.

“God, you’re so...”

“...you know you want it.”

Yes.

I know.

I do.

Thank you.

Heavy breaths interrupt my response  
 stench of love penetrates my nose  
 stains of slobbery lust rest on my neck.  
 I wonder when it is going to end.

I wish it would never end.

“You’ve got such a nice...”

“...you like that don’t you?”

*manuscripts*

Yes.  
I know.  
I do.  
Thank you.

Careful that our eyes never meet  
our fingers are never to intersect  
compliments are meaningless truths  
climaxing at the same time.

Did I do good?

“You were...”

“...need a ride?”

Yes.  
I know.  
I do.  
Thank you.